

MOLLY'S SHARE.

By Hilda Richmond.

"Why don't you eat your apple?" asked Marjorie, as she trudged home with Molly from the store. Their cheeks were red with the cold wind—just the color of the big red apples Mr. Luke had given them when they bought the things their mammas wanted. "I'm eating mine."

"I'm taking mine home to divide," said Molly. "Ruth and Tommy and Baby would feel so disappointed if I told them about the nice apple, and didn't share with them. Sometimes we all make mamma take a bite, but often she's too busy. It's lots of fun."

"I wouldn't think it was lots of fun if I had to divide," said Marjorie. "I always have everything by myself."

Molly didn't say anything, but she did not bite into the big apple. When Marjorie got home she told her mother about it and told how sorry she felt for poor Molly. "Why, mamma, her share would be only a little, teenty piece," she said. "I'm glad I don't have to divide with a sister and two brothers."

Very soon after that Marjorie's mamma took her to call on the new family, and while the ladies talked, the children played in the play-room. All four did not have as many playthings as Marjorie had at home for herself, but for all that they had a good time, and all five were sorry when Marjorie and her mamma went home.

"Poor Molly," said Marjorie's mamma, as they walked home. "She must let her little sister play with her playthings, and help amuse her little brothers instead of having all the good times to herself. Don't you feel sorry for her?"

"Why, mamma, she feels sorry for me. She said she did, and I think she's right."

"Feels sorry for you, dear! How do you make that out? You have everything to yourself and lots more pretty playthings than Molly."

"Yes, but she has more fun than I have, mamma. We had such lovely times playing games this afternoon, and lots of fun with the children."

"I am glad my little girl has found out that it makes things larger instead of smaller to share them," said her mamma. "Many a time, dearie, I have been sorry to see how selfish you were getting. If you liked to ask other little girls in to play with your things and share your candy, you would be much happier."

"That is what Molly says," said Marjorie. "She said her share of things was more than the whole thing when she divided with her mamma and the little ones. I'm going to try it, too."—Herald and Presbyterian.

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"

—Matthew Arnold.

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by reiterated choice of good or evil.

ELIZABETH'S BIBLE VERSES.

By Emma C. Dowd.

"Oh, dear," fretted Elizabeth, "I wish Miss Earle didn't make us learn so many verses!"

"Some day you will be glad to have your memory stored with Bible treasures," grandma said. "I only wish I had made more of them my own when I was young and had good, strong eyes to read with."

"Oh, I'd just as lief study when I get older," said Elizabeth; "but now I want to play. There'll be plenty of time to learn lots before I'm old, you see."

"I'd learn all I could now, dearie, if I were you; you can't know too many of them."

The little girl soon recited her verse perfectly, and ran off to play, forgetting all about what grandma had said. But her school teacher required every scholar to repeat a verse from the Bible each morning, so in the course of six months a large number of them were packed away in Elizabeth's brain.

The next summer she went to make Aunt Helen a long visit, and while she was there she caught the measles of a little girl on the next farm.

Aunt Helen did all that she could to make her comfortable; but it was in haying time, and there was a great deal of work to be done, and Elizabeth was left alone for hours together. How she longed for her mother; but she could not come to her, for Baby Brother was ailing, and he needed her even more than Elizabeth did. Aunt Helen could not keep running upstairs, or stay to read to her when she came, so day after day the little girl had to lie abed in a darkened room, with nothing in the world to do. Then it was that she began to love the Bible verses which she had learned on those mornings when she had fretted because she could not go to play. And what a comfort it was to say them over to herself! She found that she could remember them by the dozen, and one hot afternoon, when she was especially lonely, she said forty-two, one after another, keeping count on her fingers. After awhile the promises grew to be very precious to her, and she told grandma all about it when she went home.

"I knew you'd be glad of them some time, dearie," grandma smiled.

TEMPER RULED BY LOVE.

Let your temper be under the rule of the love of Jesus. He can not only curb it—he can make us gentle and patient. Let the gentleness that refuses to take offence, that is always ready to excuse, to think and hope the best, mark our intercourse with all. Let our life be one of self-sacrifice, always studying the welfare of others, finding our highest joy in blessing others. And let us, in studying the divine art of doing good, yield ourselves as obedient learners to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. By his grace, the most commonplace life can be transfigured with the brightness of a heavenly beauty, as the infinite love of a divine nature shines out through our frail humanity.—Andrew Murray.

Through Christ we can behold the joy set before us—the crown of rejoicing.